

The Friend in Need

By
FRANCES LANYON

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)
"Fifty dollars is a good deal of money to lend to an utter stranger."

"It will make me your friend for life, sir. Anybody can see that you are prosperous. Desperately faced with the loss of all I have, I must appeal to someone."

"H'm!" mused Guy Davis, thoughtfully. "Clown and columbine in the circus, circus broken up, everything seized, will release your costumes, your's and your wife's—"

"And the little ones—they help in one of our acts," reminded Marco Pulos eagerly. "You see, sir, without the wardrobe we're ruined. With it I can make an engagement at once with another circus."

"There's your fifty dollars," and Guy handed it out so suddenly that the other was overwhelmed with joy. The tears of honest gratitude came into his eyes.

"Oh, a blessing will come to you for the deed you have done this day!" cried the man. "Your name, sir?—do not doubt that every penny will be repaid."

Guy carelessly threw his card before the circus man. The latter read it. "Brownville," he said. "It's on the regular amusement circuit. 'Guy Davis'—I'll teach my children to reverence that name!"

Guy smiled indifferently as he went his way. He was given to generous impulses. They had never brought much permanent recognition, but he did not care for that. Besides, just now, money, time, his usual personal interests, were a bore to him.

In a word—Tessie Delevan! In his inmost heart—Tessie! All he thought of, worried over, hoped for and feared he would never get—Tessie!

He had money, an occasional auditing commission twice a year to various industrial plants which meant a liberal commission, but the Delevans,



He Was Brisk, Prosperous Looking, Happy.

outside of Tessie, had more money, more pride and a prejudice against Guy because he was "in the trade," while the last one of the haughty Delevans were "in the professions." Then, too, the Delevans, father and mother, had determined to wed their daughter to a young sprig of society and fortune known as Bartley Grimm.

And all this when Tessie loved him and had said so and they were pledged to one another. Mrs. Delevan had sent back the engagement ring to Guy with a curt, decisive note. Mr. Delevan had closed his doors against him. Twice the lovers managed to meet clandestinely, several letters passed between them. Then the maid who had carried the tender missives was replaced by a stern, faded old maid of a tyro. Tessie was not allowed to leave the place without this vigilant chaperon.

Guy heard that arrangements for her marriage to Grimm were going on. They were forcing their poor, gentle girl to wreck her happy life for a man she could never love. Many a time Guy hovered about the vicinity of the Delevan home, hoping to catch a sight of Tessie. One day a young brother of her's met him.

"I say, Davis," he observed, "I like you and I'm your friend. Cut out the moosey around here, or the old man will send Tess away to a relative you won't be able to locate. That would be worse than having her here, even if you can't see her, wouldn't it? And say, I think that stuck-up Grimm will get her, but once in awhile—mind you, only once in awhile—I'll carry a note between you. You're beginning to look like a ghost and poor Tess is crying most of the time."

Almost one month to the day Guy was seated in his office gloomily thinking of his wrecked heart romance, when who should enter but his pensioner of the circus episode. He was brisk, prosperous looking, happy.

"I suppose you know the great Amusement Combination and Conglomeration is in town," he observed. "So am I. So is your fifty dollars. Oh, sir! I return it to you feeling

that I had ought to add some price-less gift. Your generosity has placed us beyond want, for I have a steady regular contract for two years ahead!"

"I am glad," spoke Guy, but with the apathy that was growing on him lately. His visitor noted this.

"Will you excuse me, Mr. Davis," he said, with humility and anxiety combined, "but you're—you're not looking well. And sir—you see—well, sir, by sheer accident, in hunting you up here, I heard about your love trouble. Oh, sir, don't think me intrusive, but I would do anything to help you!"

"I fear you cannot do that," murmured Guy.

"Sir," pronounced the circus clown confidently, "if things are as I understand, the young lady is ready to fly to you if she can only get free. I am sure that I can solve the problem of all your troubles."

Somehow the sincere words, the earnest manner of the speaker impressed Guy.

"Sir," proceeded the clown, "if you could get the young lady to the circus, if you could get her to accept my invitation during the usual performance in my act of the floral chariot, the rest is done. Listen, sir," and the speaker lowered his tones and poured his plans into the ears of the interested Guy.

It was just after this conference, a new light of hope in his eyes, that Guy sought out the brother of Tessie. He handed him a note, which he felt sure the sympathetic young fellow would faithfully deliver. Its contents made Tessie aware of the details of a daring plot. She did not shrink from accepting the part in it her lover had suggested. The next day the clown made it a point to casually observe Tessie in the Delevan grounds so he would be sure to know her again.

So delighted were the parents of Tessie when she showed some token of interest in an outside affair by being taken to the circus, that they insisted on accompanying her and the chaperon.

The act of the clown came on about 9 o'clock in the evening. In it, arrayed as a cavalier with a mandolin, he entered the ring driving a small chariot that was perfectly covered with flowers. He halted the beautiful trained horses near to the row of seats where Tessie was.

"There are so many lovely ladies here," spoke Marco to the audience, "that I cannot select. Yet one must be the floral queen. Fair miss," he added, extending his hand to Tessie, "will you honor the occasion?"

The chaperon put out her hand to detain Tessie, shocked at the impropriety of the scene, as she sourly put it.

Mr. Delevan, however, shallow, purse-proud and superficial, felt rather pleased than otherwise that his daughter should be selected out of an audience of several hundred to grace the occasion.

Blushing divinely, Tessie was led to the floral chariot.

The act was really a pretty one. The cavalier mounted the horse, playing his mandolin and singing a tender love song to Tessie. He knelt, he clasped his hands, swinging the mandolin behind him, all the time retaining a marvelous balance on the back of the horse. Then, amid loud plaudits, horse, chariot, Tessie, and all disappeared in a flash beyond the dressing-room curtain.

"Why doesn't Tessie return?" somewhat anxiously spoke Mr. Delevan, five minutes later.

She never returned as Tessie Delevan. She was whirling along country roads in a swift automobile, her lover's arm about her. At the first village a clergyman was awaiting them. Their arrangements worked out without a jar and the happy honeymoon began.

Puzzled.
A little girl in Newcastle, Ind., has a new baby sister, and she has been somewhat puzzled as to the exact status of the new arrival in the family, says the Indianapolis News. She had willingly given up her bed, but still something seemed to trouble her greatly.

One day she was found surveying the dining room just at meal time. She looked at her own high chair, then inquired suspiciously of her father:

"Where is she going to eat, daddy?"

Merely a Pose.

"You impress me as being pessimistic."

"You do me an injustice," replied the melancholy man.

"Yes?"

"You see, I sell gasoline and have lately got into the habit of looking sorrowful by pretending to sympathize with my customers when they complain about the price."

Busy.

"I wish that office manager of mine wasn't such a bug on fishing. He wastes an awful lot of time."

"Surely you don't begrudge him the two weeks' vacation he gets every year!"

"Oh, he's welcome to that. What I object to is that he spends about four hours of my time every day buying fishing tackle."

A Bluff.

"Are you sure de lady in dat house cooks wit an oil stove?" asked Plooding Pete.

"Positive," replied Meandering Mike.

"And she has a pump right in de kitchen?"

"Yes."

"G'wan up an' ask her if she don't want us to chop some wood or carry some water."

Excuses for Not Being Saved

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—Lord I will follow thee, but—
Luke 9:51.

This is what a good many people are saying in their hearts if not with their lips. They know the Gospel plan of salvation. They know they must believe on the Lord, Jesus Christ in order to be saved, and they know that when they do believe on him with their hearts they will follow him in their life and conduct.

The latter is something they do not wish to do because it means a turning away from things in which they now find profit or pleasure. They do not reckon on the fact that when they truly believe on the Lord Jesus Christ they will receive a clean heart and have renewed within them a right spirit. When a man is thus regenerated he no longer wishes to do the things he used to do and finds it easy to follow Christ.

In their struggle to put off the day of decision they frame various excuses, like the man of the text who, when our Lord said unto him: "Follow me," replied: "Lord I will follow thee, but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at my home." Ordinarily there could be no objection to a man's doing that, but on this occasion the command of Christ was peremptory, and the man's action would determine at once whether he preferred his family to Christ. There comes a time in every man's life when he must decide this question, and determine in the presence of his own soul and in the presence of God whether God comes first or not.

Hypocrites in the Church.
1. Some say there are so many hypocrites in the church, forgetting that there are many hypocrites in the business or profession by which they earn their livelihood, and yet they do not renounce that business or profession.

A good way to meet this objection is to ask whether they think hypocrites will go to heaven? As they will certainly answer, no, then it might be asked whether they themselves can go to heaven without Christ. As they must reply to this question, as well as to the other, in the negative, they will be brought to see that they must dwell with hypocrites throughout eternity unless they become saved.

The inquiry brings to mind the case of a certain man who was always giving this reason for not accepting Christ. And yet his faithful wife heard him cry in the night more than once: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." It is a sad thing for a soul under conviction of sin, to cast away the hope of salvation for so flimsy a reason as the presence of hypocrites in the visible church.

Giving Up or Taking On, Which?
2. Others hesitate to accept Christ because they think they will have so much to give up. But they are ignorant of the fact that the Christian life is from every point of view a gain rather than a loss. You give up sin, but you take holiness. You give up sorrow, but you take joy. You give up death, but you take life. You give up self, but you take God.

D. L. Moody used to tell of a soap manufacturer who was under conviction of sin, but hesitated to accept Christ. He pressed him for a reason, and at last he said it was his business that kept him back. "That soap," said he, "will do everything I claim for it, but the fact is it will destroy the clothes. Now if I accept Christ, I must give it up."

Here was a plain issue which many another man has had to face, but what folly it is to hesitate a moment which way to decide! Moreover, many a man has given up his business for Christ and found afterward that Christ had a great deal better business to give him than he had ever dreamed of; for, as the Bible says, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

3. "I am afraid I won't hold out," is another very common excuse. But the mistake here lies in the fact that the man is thinking of his own strength instead of the strength of the Savior.

There is a Latin motto on the facade of a Y. M. C. A. building in New England that sets this truth before us very tersely and beautifully. The words are "Teneo et teneor," which means, "I hold and am held." It suggests the picture of a strong man with a child in his arm ascending a dangerous cliff. The child is clinging to the man, but it is because the man is holding the child that the latter makes the ascent with safety. In like manner the faith of the believer causes him to cling to Jesus Christ, but it is Jesus Christ that keeps and saves him to the end.

Let us not be afraid to accept him as our Savior and follow him as our Lord.

China Sales to U. S. Increase.
The United States is annually increasing its purchases from Chinese merchants. Last year was a banner year for the Orientals engaged in American trade, their total sales aggregating \$33,495,497, an increase of \$14,450,427 over the previous year, according to invoice records of the American consulate at Shanghai.

Chinese dyestuff and indigo merchants are reaping large profits from the sale of their accumulated stocks. Consul Sammons at Shanghai reports

Gathered Smiles

AS TO COUPONS.



Myrtle—Father seems impressed with your talk about coupons. Have you really any, George?

George—Sure. Got 700 saved up toward the furniture for our little flat.

That's No Lie.
Some people deem it policy to think before they speak. But if some others did the same They'd be silent for a week.

Safe.
"Are we going anywhere this evening, dear?"

"No, love."

"Is anyone likely to come to see us?"

"I hardly think so. The weather is so agreeable that everybody will be glad to stay at home."

"In that case you may pass the scallions."

Pointed.
Mistress—"Well, Jones, I hope we shall get more out of the garden this year. We had next to nothing last year."

Jones—"Ay—'twere the plaguey pheasants 'ad most on it last year."

Mistress—"If you ask me, I should say it was two-legged pheasants!"—London Punch.

Beyond His Powers.

"How'd you like to be president?"

"In normal times I wouldn't mind it," answered the prominent citizen.

"Yes?"

"I flatter myself that I could assist at the laying of a corner stone or the dedication of a monument about as well as the next man, but I'd hate to tackle this submarine question."

Not All Wasted Energy.

"Your candidate seems to be making a great deal of noise."

"Yes."

"Do you think he will be elected?"

"That is rather hard to say, but he'll probably attract enough attention to get a few chautauqua engagements."

No Cause for Alarm.

"If this country were to call for volunteers, do you think many men would respond?"

"Oh, yes," answered the optimistic citizen. "I feel sure so many would respond that those who pretended to be hard of hearing would not be missed."

Easily Explained.

"There must have been a terrible struggle," said the detective. "I see finger prints on every wall and door."

"Struggle, nothing," said the head of the house. "We have four children and the only place you won't find finger prints is on the ceilings."—Detroit Free Press.

TELL US.

"A gentleman should dress in quiet colors, but how kin I dress right when ma keeps puttin' red and purple patches on me pants?"

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ed. Some of America's big purchases in the year showed the following increases: Gold bar shipments, \$3,170,754; raw silk, \$2,840,105; straw braid, \$391,496; and sheep's wool, \$566,067.

Does Seem Queer.

"I can't understand this code of ethics."

"What code is that?"

"The one which makes it all right to take a man's last dollar, but a breach of etiquette to take his last cigarette."

Blocked by Her Think.

"I once thought seriously of marrying for money."

"Why didn't you then?"

"The girl in the case did some thinking, too."

Got Some More.

Lady of the House—Didn't I give you some sandwiches yesterday?

Tramp—Yes'm, but it doesn't take as long to eat your sandwiches as it does some people's.

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WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y. — "For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one reads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

ECZEMA!

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded without question if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other skin disease. 50c the box.

For sale by all drug stores or by mail from the

F. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

American Silo in Holland.

The first American ensilage tower in Holland, which was erected last year on the Johannhoeve farm at Oosterbeek by the Institute for Agricultural Improvement, has given such good results that two other towers are now to be built on the same farm, which will provide sufficient ensilage maize to keep the entire farm stock during next winter.

The head of the Johannhoeve project asserts that the American method is preferable to that hitherto in use there. An excellent fodder for all kinds of animals is thus produced, he says, while the losses by fermentation are considerably less. He comes to the conclusion that as many as 44 cows can be maintained on 37 acres by the new method, and that with exclusive stable feeding they might even be maintained on about 22½ acres, only an albuminous fodder needing to be added in the winter.

Little Nonsense Now and Then.

"I think it's very unkind the way some of those politicians make fun of the 'favorite sons,'" remarked Mrs. Twobble.

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered Mr. Twobble. "The average political convention is a nerve-wracking affair and I presume the delegates feel that they are entitled to a certain amount of relaxation."

Plenty.

"Did you go in for oratory when you were at college?"

"Not much, but I've been let in for a lot of it since I got married."

The size of a man is not always the size of his heart.

In this Matter of Health

one is either with the winners or with the losers.

It's largely a question of right eating—right food. For sound health one must cut out rich, indigestible foods and choose those that are known to contain the elements that build sturdy bodies and keen brains.

Grape-Nuts

is a wonderfully balanced food, made from whole wheat and barley. It contains all the nutriment of the grain, including the mineral phosphates, indispensable in Nature's plan for body and brain rebuilding.

Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food, easy to digest. It is economical, has delicious flavor, comes ready to eat, and has helped thousands in the winning class.

"There's a Reason"